

# Come, Lord, from above, The mountains remove

1840 Manchester Hymnal, #20

Come, Lord, from above, The mountains remove,  
O'erturn all that hinders the course of thy love.  
My bosom inspire, inkindle the fire,  
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

I languish and pine For the comfort divine;  
O when shall I say, my Beloved is mine!  
I have chos'n the good part; My portion thou art.  
O Love; let me find thee, O God in my heart!

For this my heart sighs; Nothing else can suffice;  
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price,  
It cannot be bought, and thou knows I have nought,  
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

But I hear a voice say, "Without money ye may  
Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay:  
Who on Jesus relies, Without money or price,  
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys?

The blessing is free:" So Lord let it be;  
I yield that thy love should be given to me.  
I freely receive, What thou freely dost give,  
And consent in thy love, in thy Eden, to live.

The gift I embrace; The giver I praise;  
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace:  
It comes from above; the foretaste I prove;  
And I soon shall receive all the fullness of love.